

# *The Student's Pen*



Pittsfield High School

Freshman Number

April, 1922



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# The STUDENT'S PEN

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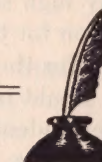
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# EDITORIALS

## Brass Tacks?

It is altogether too plain that students do not appreciate the Student's Pen! Encouraged by the immediate results that followed the publication of last month's editorial, the editor takes this opportunity to ask for more support for the Pen and for the Pen staff.

I might have said, "to demand more support," for we certainly have earned it—no one has a better right to it. But first let it be plainly understood that we are neither angrily demanding nor whiningly pleading for a little help. We are merely asking, as we certainly have a right to ask, that students appreciate our efforts and encourage our undertakings.

The Pen started off with a bang when the Hallowe'en issue was published. Then came a lapse, and the Thanksgiving number fell below our expectations. The Christmas issue was, without a doubt or without any fear of contradiction, one of the best ever published by any high school, as large or even larger than Pittsfield High. But there was a reason for the sudden deluge of contributions: the Pen was offering a five-dollar prize for the best story. We cannot offer five-dollar prizes in every issue. And it would indeed be a sorry state of affairs if we had to buy our stories from the students. The very name of the paper forbids it—must a student purchase a fellow student's writings in order to read them? We can account for the lack of contributions in only two ways: either there is a total disregard for the Pen or there is a fear of criticism.

The last reason needs consideration. It is unfortunately true that the Pen is criticized. But by whom? Did you ever hear a teacher or any fair-minded student "knock" the paper? Never. It is the narrow-minded, grouchy "kick-ers" who go around making uncomplimentary remarks about the Pen,—and the world in general. But you "malcontents" may just as well talk to yourself! It's your paper, and if it is unworthy of the school, it's your fault!

Of all the thankless jobs that constitute man's purgatory here on earth, a position on the Pen staff is the most thankless we know of. We ask no financial or material remuneration;—just the support and good-will of every student in Pittsfield High.

Give us that much, please.

*The Board of Editors.*

That "the Pen is mightier than the sword" was indisputably proven right here in the high school, a short time ago. The editorial, "Wasting our Wealth," evidently struck a responsive chord for when Mr. Strout signified an interest in the suggestions made therein, about one hundred students enthusiastically

joined with him, in a special meeting held in the auditorium on Wednesday, March 15th.

The result of it all was the election of a committee to submit tentative plans for our assemblies; and, believe it or not, that committee has unearthed enough talent in P. H. S. to make the Ringling Brothers eat Rough-on-rats. You'll see it all,—or rather hear it all, within the next few months.

The faculty members of the committee chosen by the students are Miss Pfeiffer, Miss Day, Mr. Larkin and Mr. Hayes.

The next issue of the Pen will be, nominally, the Spring issue. Actually it will be the Resurrection issue for after two issues of tranquil lethargy, we hope to have an issue that will beat the Saturday Evening Post in fiction, Life or Judge in humor, and one that will be just bubbling over with the enthusiasm that comes with the Springtime and belongs to a real, live high school! And are we one?

You said it!!!

Apropos of the editorial, "Brass Tacks," we take the liberty to suggest that one day of each month be set aside in every English class as "Pen Day." On that day, students will be asked to write something for the Pen. But remember—just asked!

## Spring

Spring! How natural for everyone's thought to turn to that gladsome season with happy visions of wonders worked by Nature's gentle touch. Poets sing praises to Nature's awakening, children rejoice in the anticipation of flowers, birds, and trees, while "Young men's fancies lightly turn to thoughts of love." The air is filled with the happy cries of mating birds, and telephone wires are kept buzzing by Johnnies telephoning to their Janes. Sickly people discard their bottles of Tanlac and gladly accept Spring as a tonic. Long faces become suffused with grins, and dull, weary eyes become bright and sparkling.

Finally that desired season arrives amid great rejoicings. Now everyone prepares to enjoy fully the exhilarating air, the warmth and cheerfulness of this wonderful season. What a contrast to the cold and dreary winter! Those who have looked forward to this queen of seasons as a means of regaining health, are fully recompensed by their renewed vigor, glowing cheeks, and blood pulsing through their veins, while those who awaited spring for the beauties of nature are more than satisfied when they behold the fleecy clouds in the deep blue sky, and, beneath this fairy dome, the young, tender plants sprouting up. Then there are the lovesick youths who held, as it were, in a state of coma, wax more and more ardent, never aware that they are the victims of Spring's subtle influence. Many are the pranks that Nature springs on unsuspecting victims, for who can really do justice to the accomplishments of that master hand? Therefore contrary to that proverb "Anticipation is greater than realization," one finds that spring not only fulfills all anticipations but also surpasses them beyond expectation.

*Ruth Burros, '22.*



**The Idealist**

"As a man thinketh, so it is with him," so the Scriptures tell us, and now to quote an example.

One day a man was passing a site, on which a cathedral was in course of construction. Seeing three men cutting stone he stopped and asked them what they were doing. The first stone cutter said,

"I am working for four-fifty a day."

The second one answered wearily,

"I am cutting stone."

The third one replied enthusiastically,

"I am building a cathedral."

This serves to show what attitudes men take toward their work.

Some imagine themselves the everlasting day laborers.

Some feel as though they are downtrodden,

While others are idealists, building monuments to their labor.

If this passing stranger happened to be an employer in search of efficient help, you can imagine which of the men attracted his attention.

Thus it is in all industries. It is not hard to attract the wrong kind of attention. This can be done by performing your work so badly that it is bound to come to the attention of a superior officer.

If bad work attracts notice at once, then, surely, good work must attract attention in course of time.

The idealist is usually the plugger who does the work at hand better than it has ever been done before, while in the meantime he studies industriously to qualify himself for the work ahead.

*Joseph Campion, '23.*

**CURRENCIES****The Treaties**

Before this issue is in circulation, the treaties drawn up by the Congress for the Limitation of Armaments will have been ratified. Senator Borah and his fellow irreconcilables opposed the treaties, saying truthfully that they are just as "bad" as that proposed by President Wilson in 1919. On the first vote a few Republicans and most of the Democrats went against ratification, but the administration had a working majority. It is to be noted that Senator Underwood, Democratic leader and formerly Wilson's right-hand man, dared to go against his party and support the treaties.

**International Good Faith**

Altho neither the American or Japanese Senates have ratified the Pacific Treaty, both nations are carrying out its provisions. Japan is evacuating China and the United States has stopped work on the Philippine fortifications. This show of good faith is pleasing in these times of distrust.

**A New Prime Minister?**

These are troublesome times for the Empire and there is talk of the resignation of Lloyd George. England would do well to remember Lincoln's remarks about horse swapping in such times.

**Ireland**

The Irish Free State and Ulster seem to be on the verge of war. The southern part of Ulster has a slight Catholic majority of population and this territory is claimed by the Free State. Belfast mobs are throwing bombs at Catholic school children and "Irish Republican" troops are invading Ulster, burning and massacring in the most approved Cromwellian fashion. The "Republican" army and Ulster want to fight. England and the Free State want peace. Poor Ireland!

**Egypt**

Egypt is once more under Turkish rule. The British protectorate over the country has been abandoned and a Kingdom established under the nominal dominion of the Sultan. The Egyptians celebrated their independence breaking street lights, uprooting trees, and destroying other people's property generally. In a month or so the Arabs will drift in and kill a few people and burn a few villages to see if the British have really given the Egyptians freedom, freedom to go back to the state of barbarism from which British rule has raised them.

**South Africa**

A Bolshevik revolt took place early this month in South Africa. Boer and Anglo-Saxon fought side by side to preserve their Union. The rebellion was suppressed without the use of Imperial troops.

**India**

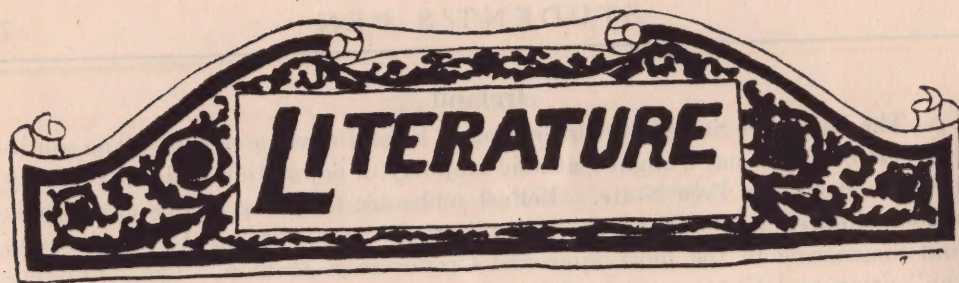
Matters in India are becoming worse and worse. Gandhi was arrested when his followers joined the Mohamitan rebels in a general massacring and pillaging. The Indians have given as the price of peace a set of impossible demands, one of which is the restoration of the Turkish Empire. Imagine giving Palestine back to the Turks and sending an Allied army to force the Arabs to submit to the Sultan! To evacuate India would mean a terrible three-cornered religious war. England has no choice but to remain and keep peace as best she can.

**The Far East**

In eastern Siberia, with its capital at Chita, is the Bolshevistically inclined Republic of the Far East. The Japanese have been negotiating with this government, which owns some valuable land and would like very much to be recognized. Last year General Kappel with some Anti-Bolshevist troops seized upon Vladivostok. He bid for recognition by promising to hang some bandits who called themselves White Guards, if he could catch them. This winter Kappel has made himself master of all the Pacific coast of Siberia, altho the Japanese occupy most of his territory. This Spring the two republics will meet in a death struggle. American business men are watching the outcome with interest, for a victory by Kappel will doubtlessly mean recognition of his Republic, and that means trade.

*C. K. Shipton.*





## April

"April showers bring May flowers."

Spring had come! In the country the grass appeared green and fresh from its winter nap. A robin sang in the tree top, and the buds had begun to swell, and would soon burst open, exhibiting with pride their beautiful green depths. But in the slums of New York one could scarcely tell whether Spring had come or not. No birds sang all day long in the tree tops for in the slums of New York one never sees a tree. The tall, crowded tenement houses, with small dirty alleys between, shut out the sunlight and fresh air. The rooms in these tenements were small, dark and unhealthy. It was amid such surroundings that the Southerbys lived. There were nine members in the family; Mr. Southerby and eight children who ranged from twenty-one to seven. April was next to the oldest; she had been named for the month she was born in. Even when a little child her mother remarked,

"It's funny, but somehow April ain't like the rest—she's different."

When she was fifteen her mother died leaving her with a store of knowledge that was to mould her character—a divine faith in God and mankind. She was left to take care of the family. She had grown up in the slums amongst vice and poverty but their contact had not changed her. She was different! She liked to dream, and at night she would tell the children stories that she herself had made up during the day. Her soul seemed smothered and choked in this crowded place.

Over and over, she said to herself, "What's the use of growing up, and marrying, and bringing up a family and then dying? I want to do something big and worthwhile."

She hated poverty but she never complained. She was always cheerful and gay.

A generation or so ago the Southerbys had been an aristocratic family. They had been very wealthy and refined, but kind and generous. There had been two sons in the family. The younger had not cared for money, splendor and society, so he had gone to work in a factory and had married a poor girl, while his brother had ruled as a favorite of society.

So there became two branches of Southerbys, the aristocrats and the paupers. These two branches had extended down to the present time and in this last generation, April had inherited some of the aristocratic blood of her ancestors which was destined to bring her success.

April was darning a stocking, which had been darned too many times to be comfortable, when a shrill voice was heard,

"Oh-h-h April, come quick! Please hurry!"

Immediately she dropped her darning, hastened out of the room and hurried upstairs.

"Oh April, look, look."

Seated before a window, wrapped in a blanket was a thin, pale boy of about eleven or twelve. As April entered he turned toward her, his face lighted up with joy and animation, and pointed to a plant which had one white flower that had just opened.

"Oh Jimmy, it's God's promise of Spring," she cried gazing rapturously at the tiny flower.

Jimmy Fallon had been born a cripple. All day long he had to sit by the window which looked into a dirty alley below; but he seemed happy and contented. April often told him stories and now he begged for one.

"What kind?"

"A 'Once-upon-a-time' one please."

So April started to weave a story for the lad which she made up as she went along.

\* \* \* \* \*

But the month of April isn't all sunshine.

One day Mr. Southerby was taken sick. "Of course," said April, "he must have a doctor." Mr. Southerby refused to listen.

"It costs too much—and besides, rent's pretty near due."

But April insisted and called a doctor. Sad days followed. Mr. Southerby didn't improve. At last one day the doctor took April to one side and said,

"The only hope for your father's recovery is to send him to the country. I have refrained from telling you this until I was sure. But he can't live in this place three months!"

April met the startling news with a smile.

"We haven't any money now to send Dad away but something is bound to happen. It will be all right in the end if we have faith enough."

The young doctor marveled at this girl. "Who had such courage as she?"

"Perhaps I can show you a way in which to earn some money. I heard you telling the children a story the other night. Why don't you try writing one and sending it in to a magazine?"

"Oh, but are mine good enough for that? I'll try anyway, thank you!"

Then followed days of work. Long into the night she sat up writing. Her first one wasn't accepted, nor her second, nor third. But did she lose hope? No, indeed! She kept at it until at last a story was accepted. Her short stories met with success, but still she did not have enough money to send Mr. Southerby away.

All day long he lay on the bed. He often said to April,

"Oh, what's the use of livin' this way? Just give me somethin' and let me die. I'm just a burden and I can't live here anyway, I heard the doctor tell you so."



"Daddy, don't talk so. Just pin your faith on God. Somethin' will happen soon. Remember, 'April showers bring May flowers,' and May is nearly here."

Two or three days later as April scanned the newspaper one article caught her eye.

"William J. Southerby's lawyer looking for relative."

The article went on to say that the only living relative of W. J. Southerby was a distant cousin John B. Southerby and that he had been left the lawyer's entire fortune.

"Oh, daddykins, daddykins, just look, I told you so, I told you so."

"Told me so? What do you mean? Don't get so excited! Here, for Heaven's sake give me that paper!"

Immediately his glance fell on the article his daughter had been reading. His eyes shone with excitement as he read on.

"April," he gasped, "we're—we're—why we're millionaires!"

"Be quiet, dad. But oh, it means your health back. Good clothes and education for the kiddies, and health for Jimmy Fallon."

"And what for yourself?"

"Why I hadn't thought of that. I must go and tell Jimmy right away."

"Oh, Jimmy," cried April all out of breath from running up the stairs,

"I've got the best news to tell you."

Then she told the whole story. When she had finished she glanced at Jimmy. He was almost on the verge of bursting into tears.

"Why Jimmy, what's the matter?"

"I'm glad for you, but it will be so lonesome here."

She threw her arms around him and pressed his face against hers.

"But Jimmy, you and your mother are going with us."

William J. Southerby's fortune consisted of a country home on Long Island, an estate in California and a considerable sum of money.

Mrs. Fallon, a good kindhearted Irishwoman, and her son, Jimmy, were to join the Southerbys.

In May they left for California where Jimmy Fallon was to have the best specialist money could get, to see if by an operation he would be able to walk.

The estate in California which was situated so that it overlooked the ocean was even more beautiful than the one on Long Island and soon Jimmy Fallon was able to walk for the first time in his life. Oh, how wonderful it seemed.

"The operation was successful," said April, "because Jimmy had faith."

Her stories met with even greater success here—and her father's health was steadily returning.

One evening at twilight when Mr. Southerby reclined in an easy chair gazing out at the rose tinted waters, with April seated on the grass at his feet, April said,

"Wasn't I right, daddy, that 'April showers bring May flowers'?"

"Yes, daughter," he replied stroking her silky black hair, "if one has faith enough, things will turn out all right in the end."

*Mildred Rosemary Prentice, '25.*

### Her Happiest Easter Day

It was Easter, 1920. In a little town of Ireland, the shades of night were fast approaching. In a little church could be seen an old woman. The last lingering rays of sunlight rested for a moment upon her. Her hands, which were gnarled by heavy labor, were clasped together. She was praying for the return of her only son. Years ago he had left her to go to America, whence almost fabulous stories of wealth had come. His mother had begged him not to go.

"Oh, Michael," she had said, "what will I do if my son does never return."

"Never fear, mother," he had answered gayly, "I will return with money enough for a queen."

"Faith and I hope you will," his mother had sighed.

At the pier she had stood bravely and had watched the ship, which was to carry Michael to his land of golden dreams, steam out of the harbor.

Time had passed slowly in the home of that Irish mother. But for the son, who was far from Erin's Isle, time did not hang heavily. He was always planning to send for his mother with the large amount of money he had earned.

But alas, his plans never materialized. Misfortune after misfortune suddenly began to come. All his hard earned money was reduced to practically nothing. Michael was feeling the first pangs caused by despair and utter despondency.

One day as he was pacing the streets of Chicago, hunting for a job, he was struck by a heavy motor truck. He had not been heeding what was going on around him and as a result he was seriously injured. For weeks he lay in the hospital in a state of semi-consciousness. Everything around him seemed blurred. However, sometimes, while in intense pain, the doctors could hear him murmur, "Oh my poor, old mother."

When asked about his home and family he could say absolutely nothing. The truck had injured his head in such a way that the past was but a large blot.

"He needs some shock to bring him to his senses," the specialists said one day, "one little thing to rouse him from this state of semi-consciousness, which he is in."

In the meantime over in Ireland a mother was grieving over the continued absence of her son. "It is now eight years that my son has been gone," she said to one of her neighbors. "Here I have no one to gladden my old age. My son is far away and my sister Mary—ah, no one knows where she is. Oh, why did we ever quarrel? If we had not I would have at least one relative to be company to me now. Faith and what would I not do just to see my only son. I never did expect to have the joy of seeing my sister Mary after she went and left me, but never did I think I would lose my son Michael, too. This is sure a sorry world."

The strain was too much for her and she at last fell under it; there is always a limit to human endurance. Little did she think that over in America her son was sick too. Had she known of his misfortune, sorrow over it would have caused her to become much worse. As it was the doctor said that the appearance of her son was the only thing that would cure her.



Back in America, Michael was in the same condition as usual. He was neither better nor worse. He was in the state of un-consciousness that makes a case seem so hopeless. He had now been sick for eighteen months. One day after another passed and yet he lingered.

One summer morning, however, an old woman came to the hospital. She was well loved by all the patients because of the good cheer she brought. Even if she did not bring fruit and flowers, her radiant countenance was reward enough for anyone. She had never been in Michael's room. On this day when the doctor's were particularly discouraged with the case, they asked this woman to come in. She came in to the foot of the bed and gazed at Michael. Slowly, oh, so slowly he raised himself from the bed and looked at her.

"Mother," he gasped. Then he sank back in a dead faint. But the work had been done—his mind had been cleared. When he awoke the lady and the doctors questioned him.

"Are you my mother," he asked.

"No, Michael," came the reply in a calm, low and sweet voice. "Do I look like her?"

"You are the perfect image of her," he answered.

Suddenly everyone noticed a startled expression on her face.

"What is your name?" she asked excitedly.

"Michael Murphy," came the answer.

"Oh, is it possible, can it be?" she asked herself. "No, for Margaret's Michael is with her."

Then aloud she asked, "What is your mother's name, Michael Murphy?"

"It is Margaret Murphy," answered the boy. "But why are you so excited?"

"Oh, it is my own sister," she said happily.

"Then you are my Aunt Mary?" asked Michael.

"I am that," she replied.

The next few months were spent at Mary's home. For it was necessary that Michael should rest before they set sail for Ireland. On March first they started and everyone on board wondered what could have happened to make such happy looking people. It was the day before Easter when they arrived for the ship was delayed by storms. When they reached Ireland they asked the doctor, "Will the shock be too much for her?"

"I never knew anyone to die of happiness yet," came the reply.

So, happily they entered Margaret's room. She soon recovered because she was so glad to see them. And the next night at twilight she said to herself, "It is a different day I am having this year than last. Sure and it's my happiest Easter Day."

*Lois Young, '25.*

### Spring in the Country

"Mother, mother, spring's coming. I just heard a bluebird."

"All right, let it come, but don't track mud all over my clean floor."

Thus was heralded the news of the coming of the year's most beautiful season. Outside everything was stirring, the reawakening life of the countryside. The trees waving in the soft winds gave forth promise in their tiny green buds, of luxuriant foliage, and here and there in the forest were little green shoots that made one hold one's breath and wonder, "Shall we have flowers so soon?"

The rooster in the farmyard was calling his harem together. "Come," he seemed to say, to the world at large. "Who is afraid of you?" "Spring is coming, get busy." The farmer coming toward the house from the farm was thinking, "Shall I plant corn or potatoes in that back corner. I guess corn is better. I won't mind the walk in this weather. But, oh, how he regretted the decision in July!

No one but Mother seemed unaware of the coming of Spring; and even she, as she stepped outside the door for her mop, said as she hung it back in its place without using it, "Oh, well; I won't mind a little mud, Spring is coming."

*E. Levin, '25.*

### A Wish That Came True

Ellen sat by the window gazing out. There had been nothing but rain-rain-rain! It beat upon the window as if it were angry at the resistance; and there was a constant drip! drip! drip!

Ellen had been forbidden to go out as she had a "terribly bad cold" as her mother expressed it. Oh, if someone would only come! Anything to relieve the intense monotony. As if in answer to her prayer she heard the hall door slam and a cheery voice called, "Why, how do you do, Mrs. Cregan. Isn't it a lovely day? I don't see how some people can stay shut up in the house on such a bea-u-tiful day!" It was Eleanor Harvey! Jumping out of the big armchair with such force that it nearly toppled over, Ellen rushed into the hall.

"Why, Eleanor! Is it you?" she laughed.

"Of course it is, Ellie. Did you think that it was my ghost?" she inquired.

"No, no! But I am so glad to see you!" she exclaimed breathlessly.

"Why, Ellen, you act as though you hadn't seen me only yesterday," her friend returned.

"Now, Eleanor, don't jest! You don't understand. I was so lonesome! But no more talking! Take off your things and come into the parlor."

In a second Eleanor had doffed her coat and hat, her muddy rubbers, and had deposited her dripping umbrella in the hall rack. Then the two with their arms around each other gayly trotted off into the parlor.

"Oh, El'ner, I've got such a bad cold that mother forbade me to go out of the house, and I was so lonesome, and I was wishing that someone would come." She said this all in one breath.

"Here, here! Don't talk so fast, my dear. Well, your wish has been



granted, and here I am in your majesty's presence; and you couldn't send me away now, if you wanted to," and Eleanor's chin went up with decision.

"As if I would. Well, now that you are here, what shall we do?"

"That's for you to decide, dearie," sang Eleanor. She was perched on the edge of the piano stool and looked very much as if she were soon to be brought down from her exalted position.

"I know!" exclaimed Ellen, for an idea had popped into her head like a cork out of a popgun. "Let's go up to the attic and look over all the old copies of the 'Student's Pen.' I've got about twenty of them."

"All right, let's!" agreed Eleanor and she jerked her hand off from the piano which she was leaning upon. The next instant there was a "crash!" and she found herself sitting on the floor gazing up at the ceiling.

"Why, what happened?" she inquired, for there stood Ellen shaking with laughter and her handkerchief stuffed into her mouth.

"Oh, you do look so fun—funny!" she giggled.

"Ellen Rita! I think you are as mean as you can be!" haughtily responded Eleanor, for her dignity had suffered a shock.

"I'm not mean, Eleanor Harvey! If that had been you, you would have laughed, for you couldn't have helped it."

"Oh, don't quarrel, spitfire," drawled Eleanor, as she cheerfully picked herself up from the floor. "Let's go up to the attic."

"All right!" exclaimed Eleanor. "Beat you up."

In a moment the two were scampering up the spiral staircase. Ellen went to a dusty trunk and drew out a bundle of books tied together with a ribbon. "Oh, I just hate rain," she said disgustingly, "I hate it! I wish it wouldn't rain at all! But come on," she added, "Let's sit here," indicating with her finger a comfortable place underneath the window. The two sat down and opened several books. They soon became absorbed in them, and the silence of the room was only relieved by—"Oh, look at this!" Do you remember that jolly boy that used to be in our class? Well, here's a story he wrote." Then again, "Listen to this joke! Ha! Ha!"

By and by Ellen jumped up and exclaimed, "Oh, it is so hot in here. I'm going to open the window," and her actions suited her words. Eleanor protested because of Ellen's cold, but the latter was heedless.

They were again absorbed in their books.

When the clock downstairs in the hall struck three the two were sound asleep.

It seemed to Ellen that she no sooner dozed off than she was aroused by someone tapping her on the shoulder. "Oh—oh de-ar," she yawned as she opened her eyes. Right in front of her she beheld a little man dressed all in green. In his hand he held a little green hat which he had taken off from his little round head which was covered with a shock of reddish brown hair. On his feet he wore little green slippers that curled up at the toes. He was a typical little fairy like those that she had often seen in fairy tale books.

"It is three o'clock, Ellen, we shall have to be going."

"Going?" she inquired dreamily, "going where? Who are you? Where did you come from? and where are we going?"

"Why, I'm the fairy that always grants wishes. My name is Ronald. Wouldn't you like to go to the land blighted by a wish?" he inquired.

"Blighted by—what?" began Ellen. "What did you mean?"

"I meant what I said," he snapped, "but come! Let us be going."

Then taking her by the hand he flew out of the open window. Over houses, fields, and trees they flew. By and by they gradually descended to the ground. It was a very strange place. She had never seen it before. The houses were small, unusually small. The roofs were thatched with grass, and the place actually reminded her of a Mexican town. She noticed that whenever she happened to touch the grass on the roofs, it was so dry and brittle, that it crumpled in her hands.

The sun beat down with a blazing, burning, intense heat. There was nothing but sand as far as she could see; and oh, how it burned beneath her feet!

Her throat felt dry and parched, and it ached, inflamed as it was from the burning heat. If she only had some water! She never realized how precious it was until now. She was so tired she wanted to sit down and rest but Ronald kept on walking; and he clung to her hand as if he were afraid that she might run away.

They passed several little men on the way. They were about the type of the little green man beside her. But oh! How old looking! Their faces were white and drawn. They fairly staggered along. Turning to her companion inquiringly, she said:

"Why are they all so old looking and feeble?"

"They are dying of thirst," he snapped again; and there was a tinge of sarcasm in his words. "This is what comes of some people's wishes."

"Then the truth dawned upon her. Tears came to her eyes, and she stammered, "I did-I didn't mean to. Really, I didn't mean to! Say you believe me. You do, don't you?" she sobbed.

"Believe what!" he rejoined.

"That I uttered a wish thoughtlessly. I didn't think when I did it!" Then throwing herself upon the ground she cried, "Oh, take me home, take me home! Oh, I wish it would pour! pour! pour!"

As if in answer to her prayer, the rain came down in torrents. She was dripping wet but why should she mind this. When she looked for the little fairy he had disappeared. All of a sudden the rain stopped. Oh! But this was provoking! She heard someone say, "Now Ellen, you will be lucky if you don't catch your death of cold after this."

"Leave me alone. Go away! I hate you!" she cried.

"Hate me! Wake up, Ellen, you are dreaming, and you are dripping wet. The rain from this open window has been beating in upon you for about a whole half hour."

Ellen opened her eyes to find herself gazing into Eleanor's. She had been dreaming! and her dream had taught her a lesson. She would never wish without thinking again.

Mildred McEachen, '25.



### Going Maying

Beatrice Clark and Hazel Morgan were studiously bending over school books in the Clark's living room. Nothing but the Clock and cat had been heard for some time when Hazel finally spoke.

"For heaven sakes, Bea, it's just three days before May night!"

"Well, what of it?"

"Have you forgotten what May night used to mean to us, Beatrice Clark?"

"Oh no, but I think we're too old to do that now, being freshmen and everything."

"Yes, especially the everything. I haven't forgotten we're freshmen, I couldn't, with all those posters on the school walls, but I don't want to give up May night just because of that. It was such fun."

"I know it. Let's do it just the same. I tell you, instead of giving May baskets to girls our own age, we'll give them to old people and sick youngsters, who will appreciate them. Then we will be doing something nice, and having fun at the same time."

"Good. When shall we start the baskets?"

"Right now. There's some pretty paper in the attic, and instead of flour paste we can use Shifter's pins. They are nothing but kindergarten thumb tacks anyway."

"Tomorrow we will make the candy over to my house," said Hazel.

"All right, and we'll pick the flowers on the last afternoon."

It was seven o'clock May night when the girls met to sort over their flowers. They had spent the afternoon raiding the woods, and found the supply of flowers unusually good. They tied colored ribbons around little bunches of them, and filled their baskets with flowers and candy.

"Aren't they pretty? But how shall we carry twelve baskets around with us?" asked Beatrice.

"We have a large suit case up stairs. I wish it would hurry up and get dark."

"Oh, we can start pretty soon. I wonder why it is always wet and muddy on May night."

"Cheer up. Let's start. You take the other handle, Hazel. Glory, I feel just like a kid!"

The two girls silently made their way to the house of an old lady.

"You go first, Bea."

"Hand me a basket."

Beatrice crept softly up on the porch and deposited the basket on the mat. She tremblingly pushed the bell and then fled, letting herself drop over the bannister. She landed in a puddle of muddy water. Hazel was waiting for her.

"My goodness, what have I stepped on," said a voice from the piazza.

Beatrice groaned almost audibly.

"Why, it is a basket, or was," the voice went on. "Come here Mable and see what was left for grandma. It isn't her birthday, either."

The girls crept disgustedly away.



## Small Coins Grow Into Dollars

Deposit your money in the savings department of this bank, have the amount recorded in your book and then forget it.

It will take care of itself for it will at once associate itself with the other coins you have deposited here and soon all will be working together.

Every minute of every day, the value of this money will be increasing and soon your money plus what it has accumulated will be working together—with one result—working capital for you.



## City Savings Bank of Pittsfield

North Street at Fenn Street

Morningside Branch  
101 Woodlawn Avenue

Dalton Branch  
Union Block



"They don't even know the custom, Grandma will, though. Come on, we'll try another. It's your turn now, Hazel."

They took turns until all but the two for their mothers were delivered. Sometimes they had been chased, but never caught. When they crouched breathlessly in the mud behind the porches the "ohs" and "ahs" sounded very comforting. They talked it over as they trudged wearily home.

"I'm all in, Bea, but I'm so glad we did it. Let's do it every year, as long as we can."

"Just look at the mud on me, Hazel. I fell down a couple of times. We haven't any of our lessons done, but we should worry. We might as well end off by singing kindergarten songs."

"All right. You start."

"It always pays to be good,  
It always pays to be good,  
It makes me feel so fine inside;  
It always pays to be good."

*Martha Burt. '25*

#### An April Fool Joke

The first of April was drawing near. The young residents of the small village of Melville were not, however, thinking of the first but of the second day of that month. On the second of April the pupils of the village school were to give a party in celebration of the birthday of the school. It was to be held in the village dancing hall. Old and young were to be invited. Members of certain classes were to give plays and speeches.

George Harvey and Billy Waller, two youthful members of the school were to be in a play. They, however, divided their attention between the party and April Fool's Day.

Shortly before the first of April, they could often be seen with their heads together, engaged in whispered conversations.

On that day they had planned to avenge themselves on a certain Mr. Slocum, who had been their enemy ever since he had caught them robbing his orchard.

The day arrived and at dark George and Billy stole along the country road on the way to Mr. Slocum's. George carried a large pail while Billy bore a paint brush.

Arrived at the farm they stopped by a large wooden fence in front of the house. Then they industriously set to work writing with the paint, various things about Mr. Slocum, none of which bore him any credit. When the fence had been covered in large, glaring words the boys departed as silently as they had appeared.

George and Billy slept peacefully that night, their dreams intermingled with thoughts of the following evening.

The next afternoon the two boys, talking gayly of the parts they were going to take in the play, were making their way home from school when they were confronted in the middle of the road by the form of Mr. Slocum.

"You thought you would get away with your little joke, didn't you? But you were not careful enough. Here is a little something that I picked up in front of my house this morning."

George took the object from the man's hand and to his chagrin recognized a knife that bore his name.

"Now you have had your dance so you must pay the fiddler. I must trouble you two, to come over to my house tonight. That fence has long needed painting so we might as well start the job tonight."

"Oh, but we can't come tonight," expostulated Billy. "We are going to the party."

"Yes, and we have to take part in a play, so we really can't," pleaded George.

"Well, that is all the better. Be over at seven sharp. I reckon the painting won't take more than two or three hours. You will be through in time to get home about the time the party lets out. But listen here, if you aren't over, I will tell your fathers on you and I guess they won't let you off so easily," he chuckled as he turned away.

The two boys looked at each other in dismay.

"What shall we do, Bill?"

"What can we do but go over. I can imagine what my dad would say if he ever heard of it."

"Mine, too. But, say, it is all over now. We can't take part in the play."

That night at the party the play went on as arranged with two other boys taking the parts of the boys that did not appear. The play suffered no mishaps despite the boys' presentiment that it could not succeed without them.

While the villagers were enjoying a pleasant evening at the party George and Billy were busily engaged in work similar to that of the previous night. The painting had, however, lost all its fun as they were compelled to do it—and Mr. Slocum sat near by superintending the job.

"Well," sneered Billy. "What do you think of our joke on Old Slocum?"

"It would be all right if it was on him but as it happens the joke is on us," gloomily responded George.

*Anna Gleason '25.*

#### Helen's Fairy Easter Lily

Helen had heard a great deal about taking flowers to church for the Easter service. She wished she could take one but her mother said that they could not afford to buy flowers that year. They had too many doctor bills to pay. Helen knew that this was true, for she had been one of those who had been ill. Worse still, her father was the other and he was not well even yet.

"If I had anyone else to ask," thought Helen, but she couldn't think of a single person. She couldn't ask her poor sick father, she couldn't ask her older sister Jean, for Jean was working hard helping to pay those terrible doctor bills. She didn't know anyone else to ask but Jean's friend, Harry Thompson, and she couldn't ask him. No, indeed!

If Helen had been older she might have tried to earn some money to buy a



flower herself, but she was such a little girl, only seven years old. She didn't know of a single thing she could do for anyone.

At last she thought of a way to get a flower. She told her older sister about it, "I'll ask the fairies, that's what I'll do," she said. So she wrote a polite little note and left it on the table in the front hall.

After that it seemed there were so many things to do that Helen almost forgot about the flower and the note. She was to be in an Easter exercise, and she had to go many times to practice. Jean was too busy with her own work to help her with her lessons as she usually did, and her mother had her hands full taking care of her father and managing the house.

At last, Easter came; Helen hopped out of bed at one call. Her Sunday school was to open an hour earlier on account of the Easter program. She would not be late for any thing. She was in such a hurry to get off that she did not wish to stop for breakfast, but her mother said that she could not go unless she ate something so that settled it. She swallowed her food as fast as she could, and hurried away leaving her mother and Jean at the table.

"Goodbye, mother! Goodbye Jean!" she called as she raced through the living room. And "Goodbye, Daddy," she added as she paused a moment at his door.

She was flying through the hallway when something caught her eye. There on the table stood a creamy white lily! Helen gazed at it a moment in speechless wonder.

"Oh, you lovely, lovely lily and the darling fairies that brought you!" she cried. She was upon the point of calling her mother and her sister to see the prize, when she heard a clock strike and that reminded her that she must hurry on to church.

"I'll have to wait until I come home to tell them all about it," she thought and taking the flower pot carefully from the table she carried the beautiful lily to church, and smiled proudly as she gave it to the flower committee. Later she smiled again as she saw it among the other flowers on the table. It seemed to her the most beautiful of all.

When Helen reached home she told her family about the wonderful lily the fairies had brought her. A moment later she ran away to write a note of thanks to the fairies. Jean exclaimed,

"So that's what became of my lily! I wouldn't let the darling know that that flower was mine for any thing, but I hope that Harry will not ask me what became of the Easter lily he sent me."

"She shall have the flower next Easter if we have to do without a meal or two," said Helen's mother.

*Almira Stevens '25.*

### The Non-English-Speaking Class

"America is the melting pot of nations." The person who gave voice to this opinion, correctly characterized our country. The United States is teeming with people of all nationalities. White men, red men, yellow men, black men,—men from India, men from Spain, men from African deserts, men from Swiss

mountains, men from the banks of the Rhine,—all manners of men, enter America's doors. Many come to Massachusetts. Many come to Pittsfield. Several of the young foreigners come to P. H. S., where they are taught English by a new member of our faculty—Miss Boland.

These arrivals are organized as the Non-English-Speaking class, which has been formed for the purpose of giving the youthful foreigners sufficient knowledge of English to enable them to enter the grades for which they are fitted. The greater emphasis is laid on conversational English, which the pupils use immediately outside of the classroom.

At present various nationalities are represented in the new organization. There are pupils who came from Italy, Canada, Greece, Syria, Poland, and China.

They are taught English by the Direct Method, that is, by the use of dramatization and objectivation, or, as Miss Boland says, the pupils are taught by the establishing of an association between objects, experiences, and ideas, and the English symbols, which represent them.

The pupils are taught in so far as possible by dramatization. For instance, the teacher selects the sentence "I take off my hat." After dramatizing the sentence, she requires the student to perform the act himself. At the same time he repeats the sentence. In this manner he establishes an association. So, gradually, he becomes able to read the sentence, then to write it.

Similarly, the pupils learn English, by objectivation, which is used whenever possible, in the case of nouns. In some instances, pictures of the object are used.

By means of pictures, also, the pupils are taught the difference between words, pronounced alike. To illustrate: In the classroom there are several sketches. One is a picture of a rabbit and of a young woman with flowing hair. Another portrays an ham, and two young people shaking hands with one another. The first sketch shows the difference between "hare" and "hair." The second illustrates the difference between "meat" and "meet."

This method has proved very beneficial. In a short time, it supplies the foreigner with the knowledge of English, most necessary to him. He does not have to wander, for a wearisome period, thru a labyrinth of meaningless words but learns many quickly and intelligently from his association of ideas. When he leaves Miss Boland's class, he is placed in the school grade for which he is best fitted. Formerly, if he were a young child, he was placed in the first grade, irrespective of his intelligence.

The pupils themselves have not been slow to realize this great advantage, which they have gained, by being taught by the Direct Method. Most of them have shown themselves ambitious and eager to learn. The following essay, which worthily shows the results of Miss Boland's work, was written by a boy who has been in the *United States* but *sixteen weeks*.

*A. M. Cain, '22.*

### A Story of the War

When Germany fought with Russia in the month of September, 1917, my father was in America. My mother and sister and I were in Russia. It was Friday when the Germans came to my country. The day when the Germans



came with their army, the bombs flew over my house and my mother went from the church and fell and broke her right foot. My mother was very sick and she lay in bed. I said to her "My dear mother, I will go to church." She told me to go and that I must be home at ten o'clock. I said to my mother "Good-bye," and I went to church. After eight o'clock there was a very big fight. When I saw the fight, I ran home to my mother. When I came home, I looked in the bed. Nobody was there. I cried and I said "I will go into another country!" One day I ran twenty five miles and when I came to the other country it was five o'clock. I wanted something to eat, so I went into one house and I said "Please give me something to eat." She said "I haven't anything!" I said "Please give me a piece of bread." She said "I haven't any." It was eight o'clock in the evening when I went into another house. When I opened the door, I saw my friend. He said "What are you doing here?" I said "I want something to eat." He said, "Go and wash your hands and go to the table." When I sat at the table, I cried very hard. His mother said "Why do you cry?" I said to her "I don't know where my mother is!" She said "That is too bad." She gave me fifty cents for a ticket. I bought a ticket. When I rode home, I didn't know where my mother was. When I came near my country, one aeroplane flew and one bomb fell on the brake. The train stopped. I got down from the train and I didn't know the way. I ran by the track and so I came to my country. I went into the house where I lived and looked in the rooms. I found nobody there. I saw from my window that the potatoes were growing in my yard. I brought wood and I made a fire. When I ate my dinner, it was three o'clock. I stood up and said, "I will go find my mother." I put in my pocket three potatoes and I went on my way. I came to another country. My friend was in that country! I didn't know who was my friend! I went in the church, and called "Is my friend there?" John Cedlezki is my uncle. He was in the church. He took me to his house and he gave me something to eat. I stayed with my uncle three weeks. Then I said "Good-bye. Thank you. When I find my mother, I shall pay you." He said "All-right." I went on my way and I saw many people from my country on the road. The women said she was in the forest. I went very fast. When I came to my mother she was sitting near the fire and was cooking a little flour with water. I stayed near my mother. When she saw me she called, "My dear son," and I couldn't speak to my mother. After at noon I went to a farm and I hired a cart and I brought my mother home. There was blood in the house and many heads of chickens. I said to my mother, "I will go to see my teacher." When I opened the door I looked in the rooms. My teacher sat on the chair. He was gagged and his hands were bound with a long rope! I looked in the rooms, but nobody was there. I said, "Have you a knife?" He could not answer me. I found an axe and I cut the rope with the axe and I said "Who did this?" He said, "A Russian man came to my house and took my gold watch and many many dollars that my brother sent me from America." He said "Thank you. I will teach you and I will take nothing from you. Thank you, thank you very much!" I went home to my mother. One night, a man knocked at the door. "Please open the door, open the door!" I went and I opened the door and he said "Three hundred dollars came from America to you!"

*Ben Gold.*

### Our High School

How many of the Student's Pen readers know how old the Pittsfield High School is? The Pittsfield High School is seventy-two years old, one of the oldest High Schools in the Berkshires.

In 1849 the Town of Pittsfield proposed to build a school for a High and a First Grammar. A committee was selected to give a report on the site and cost of the building. After a few months it was decided to build a one-room wooden structure at a cost of three thousand dollars. The site was where the Post Office now stands. The school was opened in November, 1850, with Jonathan Terney as Principal, Miss Mary B. Todd, assistant and sixty-six pupils.

In 1867 the one-room which was used for both High and First Grammar was very much over crowded. The building was rebuilt with two stories. This made it possible to use the first floor for the Grammar grades and the second for the High School Classes.

During the next three years more pupils were entered than the building could accommodate. The class room was filled and the two small recitation rooms were over-crowded.

The town in 1870 decided to buy the old Medical College on South Street where the small common is now. This building was purchased for eight thousand dollars and cost seven thousand five hundred for reconstruction.

In 1872 the school had an enrollment of one hundred students. It never exceeded this mark till 1884. There was a faculty of three teachers. There were two courses of study, Classical and English.

From 1870 up to 1880 the majority of the graduates were girls, and a very small number at that. Many of the pupils of the Pittsfield Public Schools never intended to enter the High School. The boys who did graduate generally went to college. As it was one of the best schools around many of Pittsfield's oldest families sent their children to it, instead of private schools.

In 1876, the High School building was destroyed by fire. In the same year a brick building was constructed on the site of the old, at a cost of sixteen thousand dollars. This was the first brick school building in Pittsfield. It was considered very beautiful.

In 1888 the students had a choice of four courses of study, Classical, Scientific, English and lastly Business. The latter course was for those students who could not remain in school to complete one of the four year courses.

The school was still thriving in 1894 having an enrollment of two hundred. In the same year the building was completely ruined by fire. The city at once hired a floor in a block on West St. This was very inconvenient as the students did not have the things which they needed to work with. The old building was bad, but this was worse.

In 1897 the present building was opened, although it was not really completed till 1898. The cost of the land and building was one hundred thousand dollars. This building had a capacity of six hundred students but in late years more class rooms have been added, so the capacity is now over seven hundred. It is now in very bad condition, since it is very much over crowded.

The first graduation exercises in the present building were held in the audi-



torium June 1898, when forty-four students received their diplomas. All the graduation exercises before this were held in the old Academy of Music. The school now had an enrollment of two hundred and forty-seven students and a faculty of eight teachers.

In 1909 there was an enrollment of four hundred and fifty-five students. The next two years showed an increase of over three hundred, making a total of seven hundred and five students in 1911.

In 1914 the commercial section was transferred to the Read building on Fenn Street. This edifice could accommodate three hundred pupils so the Central building was relieved of over two hundred students.

In June 1920 the enrollment was nine hundred and fifty three students. Within the last few years the courses of study were changed again, College, Preparatory, Commercial and General.

This year in February, about two hundred and fifty Freshmen entered. Over one hundred were sent to the Pomeroy building on West Housatonic Street. There room was found available. They have three class and one recitation room on the second floor of the building. These rooms are well equipped for high school purposes.

The Pittsfield High School must have, at the present time, an enrollment of over one thousand students and a faculty of over forty teachers.

The people of Pittsfield should be very proud of what our High School has done in the past. May they aid it to do better in the future.

"May the Pittsfield High School endure forever."

*R. D. Stevenson '26.*

### **The Coming of Spring**

When around the fire in winter,  
While the north wind with his bluster  
Whirls the snow with whine and whimper,  
And the pines their sorrows fling,  
Then the sun, who's lost his luster,  
Wishes for the Spring.

When the North King's icy fingers  
Seem to loose their throttling catches,  
When the snow bank boldly lingers;  
And the March winds loudly ring,  
When the meadows show in patches,  
Then we hope for Spring.

When the South winds fondly hasten,  
And the sap is upward flowing,  
When the brook o'erflows its basin,  
And the wild birds northward wing,  
Then the sun his light bestowing,  
Has the warmth of Spring.

When the rains come gently falling,  
When the snow banks vanish weeping,  
When the crows ne'er cease from calling,  
And the first gay bluebirds sing,  
From their winter cradles peeping,  
Flowers look for Spring.

When the frogs hold concerts nightly,  
And the birds lift up their voices,  
When the flowers are nodding brightly,  
And soft nests in treetops swing,  
Everybody now rejoices  
For we know it's Spring!

*Rachel P. Barnes, '22.*

### **The Nine Vanishing Frosh**

Nine little Freshmen working fast and late,  
One cut his classes, and then there were eight.  
Eight little Freshmen playing "come eleven,"  
Along came an officer and then there were seven.  
Seven little Freshmen in an awful fix,  
One joined the Pen Board and then there were six.  
Six little Freshmen looking scarce alive,  
One made a poor joke and then there were five.  
Five little Freshmen got everyone sore,  
One made a wise crack and then there were four.  
Four little Freshmen wished they were free,  
One tried to get away and then there were three.  
Three little Freshmen ate an onion stew,  
One had the doctor and then there were two.  
Two little Freshmen tried to make a pun,  
One didn't have the goods and then there was one.  
One little Freshman slept till set of sun,  
Mid years later came along and there was none.

*S. T. Sukel, '25.*

### **Bobbed Hair**

When Cleopatra bobbed her locks  
And won old Marc's devotion,  
A thousand Helen's Trojan Rocks  
Caused not so much commotion.

Mothers, sisters, daughters, wives,  
And even babes in socks,  
Contracted with the barbers' knives  
To abbreviate their locks.



Pittsfield High girls followed suit;  
And some looked quite fantastic,  
A few received the "bitter fruit"  
From some who were sarcastic.

But now 'tis quite a common thing  
To see these well kept hedges  
On girls who dance around and sing,  
With neatly scalloped edges.

*Ester Goodrow, '23*

### The Freshman

A bonny, little Freshman came  
To study at our school one day.  
Fair, fragile, was he, tiny fay.  
We Seniors, warned, "Call him no name.  
At such as him no mischief aim,  
His life is like the candle's ray;  
As frail as flowers born in May.  
Harsh treatment his career would maim."

So, toiled he at his task carefree,  
We, Seniors sage, his model made.  
With glee, he worked midst toil and strife,  
Serene, he sailed the stormy sea,  
He soothed our souls with care inlaid,  
Wee Freshman, in the school of life!

*A. M. Cain, '22.*

### The Longest Word

There are many, many words I know,  
That are hard indeed to spell,  
And there are also many, many words  
The meaning I can't tell.

But the longest word I ever knew  
Is the little word "smile"  
For when you take off letter "s",  
You still have one long mile.

*Emma Belot '26.*



### Exchange Log

Editor's Note—Owing to the great demand for the "March Issue" of our Pen we only had about a dozen Pens left for our exchanges. As we have over a hundred schools on our exchange list it can be readily seen that many were disappointed. If you were not one of the "Lucky Twelve" to receive a paper please do not think we have eliminated you from our exchange department for we *haven't*. We hope this "Freshman Issue" will make up for the loss of the "March Issue."

The past month we have received many new exchanges. The best one comes from our own state, namely, "The Radiator," of Somerville, Mass. From cover to cover you have an excellent paper, cuts, literary, jokes and everything; but best of all are your school notes contributed by the different classes. Come again!

The "Hall Times" from Spring Valley, Illinois is another new exchange and an excellent one. It even contains a story written in French and alas! for those unfortunates who cannot translate it. We might suggest a good cut for your dramatics as an improvement to your paper.

From the eastern part of our state comes the "Echo" from Winthrop asking us to comment. For a small bi-weekly paper your paper is very fine. You have a dandy looking basket-ball team and we hope you will win your longed-for championship.

"Central Outlook"—St. Joseph, Missouri. Athletics is certainly the greatest factor of your paper. The whole first paper is devoted to athletics which shows great school spirit. A few stories and an *exchange* department would improve your paper greatly.

"The Student," Malone, N. Y.—We like your idea of the section listing "New Books, Just Out." It is very convenient for the readers and quite a novel idea in itself. Your paper is sadly lacking in the way of cartoons and cuts.



## ADVERTISEMENTS

### The Massachusetts General Hospital Training School for Nurses Founded 1873 Graduates Number 1400

Three-year course in theory and practice of nursing. Maintenance, school uniform, and text-books supplied. Educational requirement high school diploma. Entrance January, April and September.

**Sally Johnson, R. N.**  
Supt. of Nurses  
Boston, Mass.



### White Gold Wrist Watches

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## On Your Way to School

*Page and  
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*Huyler's*

*and*

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Give us your order and we'll have it ready for you when you are returning home. If, however, it is something which should be at your home before you return, just let us know and we'll deliver at once for it is our pleasure to be of service to all.

Even though your package is delivered, you will find this a delightful place to stop after school hours, you will find many of your friends at our fountain where only the choicest hot and cold drinks are served.

Try The Wendell Pharmacy once and you'll understand why so many of your friends come here everytime.

*John M. Savin*  
**WENDELL  
PHARMACY**  
10 SOUTH STREET

## ATHLETICS

Pittsfield high defeated Lenox high 42 to 28 in the town hall at Lenox. The team did very well considering the fact that O'Brien was out of the game on account of sickness. Hubbard played center, Dannybuski and Farrell were forwards, and Bridges and Weltman were guards. Dannybuski scored ten floor baskets.

### Pittsfield High 41—St. Joseph's (N. A.) 15

Pittsfield High continued its winning streak by defeating St. Joseph's of North Adams 41 to 15. St. Joseph's High furnished little opposition, and Pittsfield High had things all their own way. Farrell scored seven double counters while Bridges and Dannybuski each scored four.

The line-up:

Pittsfield	FG	FP	TP	St. Joseph's (N. A.)	FG	FP	TP
Farrell, lf,	7	0	14	Bowes, lf,	0	0	0
Bridges, rf,	4	0	8	Hawthorne, rf,	4	3	11
Dannybuski, rf,	4	0	8	Shields, c,	1	0	2
Hubbard, c,	0	0	0	Mulrooney, rg,	0	0	0
Weltman, lg,	1	0	2	Malloy, lg,	1	0	2
O'Brien, rg,	2	5	9	Welch, lg,	0	0	0
Campion, rg,	0	0	0				
	—	—	—	Total	6	3	15
Totals,	18	5	41				

Pittsfield High defeated the Alumni 45 to 10. The high school team piled up the score with little difficulty. Bridges did some fine shooting and O'Brien played a strong all-round game. "Pinky" Mangan did the best work for the losers.

### Pittsfield High 40—Holyoke High 32

Pittsfield High defeated Holyoke High, the Valley League leaders, 40 to 32 at the Boy's Club Saturday evening, Mar. 4. Only twice throughout the game, Holyoke threatened Pittsfield, at the start and early in the second half Pittsfield High worked together on all occasions and puzzled the visitors by the five man defense. Farrell shot three floor goals in succession toward the end of the game that sewed up the contest. Farrell and O'Brien, and Weltman excelled for Pittsfield, while Choiniere, Wolkow and McGill played best for the losers.



The line-up:

Pittsfield High	FG	FP	TP	Holyoke High	FG	FP	TP
Dannybuski, lf,	4	0	8	Wolkow, lf,	4	0	8
Farrell, rf,	6	0	12	Choiniere, rf,	5	6	16
Hubbard, c,	1	0	2	McGill, c,	3	0	6
Weltman, lg,	2	0	4	Fitzpatrick, lg,	0	0	0
O'Brien, rg, c,	2	4	8	W. Merriam, lg,	0	0	0
Bridges, rg,	3	0	6	J. Merriam, rg,	1	0	2
Total,	18	4	40	Total,	13	6	32

### Pittsfield 34—St. Joseph's (P) 19

Pittsfield High defeated St. Joseph's High of Pittsfield 34 to 19, for the first game of the city championship. The victory put Pittsfield High in second place in the North Berkshire league and also made it eight straight for Coach Carmody's team.

St. Joseph's were outplayed from the start. Pittsfield gave a fine exhibition of passing the ball and shooting baskets. Only a few times throughout the game, St. Joseph's worked the ball near the basket, and the attempts at long shots were unsuccessful.

The entire Pittsfield team worked together smoothly. Dannybuski and Farrell played a great game at forward. Dannybuski caging five baskets and Farrell three. O'Brien made three double-counters in addition to eight points from the 15 foot mark, and his fine defensive work. Weltman and Bridges played a fine game in the backfield. Weltman besides guarding Meehan well, found time to sink two baskets. Meehan played best for St. Joseph's.

The line-up:

Pittsfield	FG	FP	TP	St. Joseph	FG	FP	TP
Dannybuski, lf,	5	0	10	Boyd, lf,	0	0	0
Farrell, rf,	3	0	6	Meehan, rf,	2	13	17
O'Brien, c,	3	8	14	Fortin, c,	1	0	2
Weltman, lg,	2	0	4	McCarty, lg,	0	0	0
Bridges, rg,	0	0	0	St. James, rg,	0	0	0
	—	—	—	McNaughton, rg,	0	0	0
Total,	13	8	34	Coakley, rg,	0	0	0
				Total,	3	13	19

Referee—Finn of Holyoke.

Time—20 min. halves.

### Pittsfield 51—St. Joseph's (P) 26

Pittsfield High won the city championship, clinched second place in the North Berkshire league, and made it nine straight victories, by defeating St. Joseph's High of this city, 51 to 26. Pittsfield scored first on a free try. Meehan of St. Joseph's shot three baskets making the score 6 to 1. After that, Pittsfield High led at all times and when the final whistle sounded, the high school lacked one point of doubling the score.

O'Brien was the individual star of the game, scoring 21 points, 9 on fouls, and 6 floor baskets, some which were of sensational type. Bridges and Dannybuski each scored five double-counters, the former making one of the best baskets seen on the Boy's Club court this season. Weltman scored two baskets and Farrell three.

Meehan and Boyd did the best work for St. Joseph's.

Pittsfield	FG	FP	TP	St. Joseph's	FG	FP	TP
Dannybuski, lf,	5	0	10	Boyd, lf,	2	0	4
Farrell, rf,	3	0	6	Meehan, rf,	6	8	20
O'Brien, c,	6	9	21	Fortin, c,	0	0	0
Weltman, lg,	2	0	4	McCarty, lg,	0	0	0
Bridges, rg,	5	0	10	St. James, rg,	1	0	2
Total,	21	9	51	Total,	9	8	26

Referee—Finn of Holyoke. Time—20 min. halves.

Pittsfield High opened the season with a loss. After leading 7 to 2 at the end of the first half Adams High sprang a surprise and won the game 16 to 11. At the end of three league games Pittsfield was in a triple tie for first place. Then the team lost three games in a row, two league games and the other exhibition. This practically eliminated the team from the race.

New life came to the team. First Dalton High was the victim of a severe trouncing 71 to 13. Then Drury, who lead the league received a severe setback by being beaten 27 to 9. Only one chance was left, mainly, that Adams defeat Drury and St. Joseph's of North Adams defeat Adams. Provided Pittsfield win its remaining games, a triple tie would exist. But as luck would have it, Drury beat Adams 10 to 9.

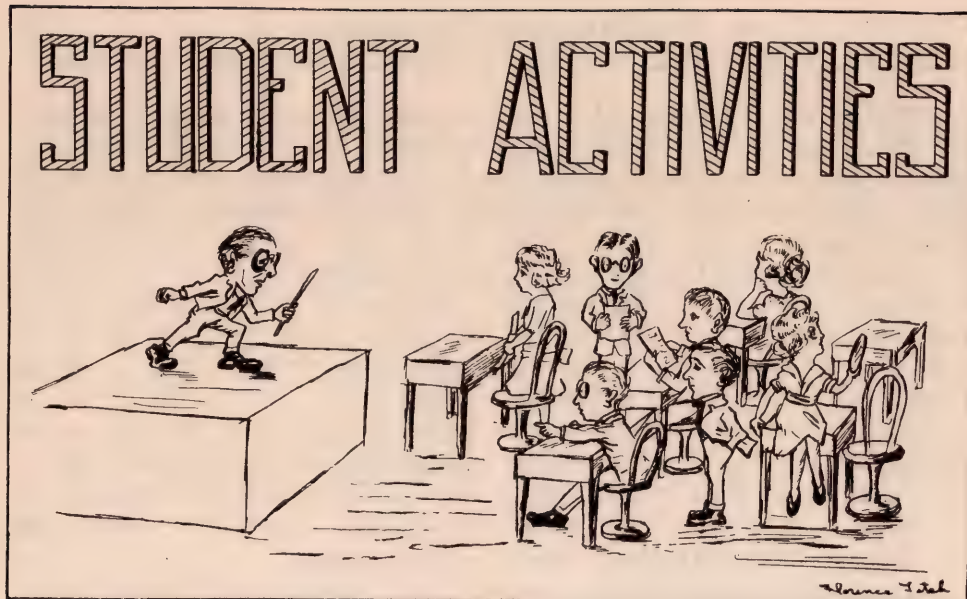
Although Drury won the league Pittsfield kept on winning. Lee and Lenox were defeated and then Holyoke who tied Northampton for first place. Then St. Joseph's of Pittsfield were defeated in two games, and the city championship went to Pittsfield. The only thing which stopped the great spirit of the team was that the season ended. Pittsfield High has an enviable record, losing four games out of sixteen, losing two on the home floor and two on opponents' territory. Berkshire Business College was the only team to double the score on Pittsfield.

Fine compliments were paid to the coach and the team. Bright prospects for next year's team are looked forward to, as no members of the team will be lost by graduation.

O'Brien led the North Berkshire High school league and the team in scoring.

	Floor Baskets	Foul Points	Total Points	Games
O'Brien,	60	79	199	17
Farrell,	58	3	119	14
Dannybuski,	56	2	114	16
Bridges,	46	1	93	16
Weltman,	20	0	40	16
Hubbard,	10	1	21	19
Stetson,	2	0	4	5





### Notes of the Wireless Club

Our club has been progressing quite rapidly the last few weeks. At the meetings last week and the week before we took up the code and had some code practice.

The officers are:

George Emerson,  
Clarence Graves,  
Martha Dickie,  
Helen Durant,

President  
Vice-President  
Secretary  
Treasurer

We hope to have a wireless outfit completed in a very short time, so we expect that the meetings will be much more exciting and interesting.

*Martha Dickie, Sec. '25.*

Miss Mae Skinner, a Lynn Senior, paid a visit to P. H. S. Friday, Feb. 24. It is an interesting and creditable habit of Lynn students, when visiting other cities, to visit the High Schools, and compare notes for the school papers. In this way the "Red and Gray" has interesting reports from all over the country.

There are 1750 students at Lynn, 280 in the Senior class. They have no mid-year classes. The eight-week plan is followed thruout the year, a week at Christmas and three days at Easter extra. Exams are given quarterly, and the Honor lists sent out. The first Honor list requirements are at least two A's (over 90%) and the rest B's (80-90%). The second Honor list is over 85% in everything.

The Lynn High is a modern building with fire stairs and a nicely furnished rest room. Miss Skinner looked askance at our statuary and library, but said that they were better than some others she had seen.

Lynn is way ahead of P. H. S. in two respects,—student responsibility and school spirit. The "Live Wires", a group of one hundred students meets every two weeks. There is a Live Wire in each room, to keep order, take attendance, and take the teacher's place if he is absent. The students also run a bank. Two rooms are given over to this, and some of the pupils have large bank accounts. This gives them a chance to put their commercial studies to good use. The students also have a Traffic Squad. The Captain, first, second, and third lieutenants are Seniors. The rest of the Squad are chosen from the lower classes. A teacher is seldom seen in the halls and perfect order is maintained. A complete squad is a valuable asset to any High School.

Then talk about School Spirit! Last year a campaign to sell the seasons' athletic tickets was launched. This was during the labor depression and many of the Lynn shoe factories were closed, but for all that 98% of the students bought the \$1.50 tickets! Lynn can surely be proud of her High School and her students. They have the right spirit.

*Rachel P. Barnes.*

### Senior A Notes

The Senior A Class is still in existence although from outward appearance and from the racket coming from Room 5 during one of our many spirited meetings, one would judge that we were a class "divided against itself." No—that is all false and right here and now it is proper that we right the wrong our underclassmen have done in spreading abroad the rumor that the class of 1922 was not able to choose a class ring. That is wrong—very wrong for we have very judiciously chosen the standard ring of P. H. S. for *Our* ring. Now you are wondering what has become of our first choice. Here is the answer, wise as we are we saw that that ring with its prominent setting was but a novelty for us and that very soon we would grow tired of it, so in our wisdom we very agreeably chose the standard ring as the ring we would like to carry forth with us as a remembrance of our days at P. H. S.—that is, if we have them by that time. Now that the matter of rings has passed from our attention we begin to take up the duties of every Senior A class and we are planning some of the best times ever had.

*H. M. Doyle, Sec. '22.*

### Junior B's

We are now organized as a class. At our first meeting, February 27, the following officers were elected:

Robert Acly,	President
Joseph Campion,	Vice-President
Roland Andy,	Treasurer
Elizabeth White,	Secretary

Rose Simpkin was also voted a member of the Executive Committee which is made up of the class officers.

On March 9, another meeting was held; Mr. Howe was elected class adviser and a class tax of twenty-five cents a month was decided upon. About thirty attended the meeting.

*Elizabeth White, Sec. '24.*



Mr. Strout called a number of girls to his office, Thursday, March 16, where they were asked to sell flowers in the Elk's drive. Miss Lucy Jacobs was chosen captain of the Friday team and Miss Dorothy Griffen of the Saturday team. On Friday the girls had great success. In the evening, two of the team, Miss Waugh and Miss Yeadon, dressed as Irish colleens, sold flowers at the F. M. T. A. and the dance at the Masonic Temple. In both places the contributions were most generous.

The Saturday girls team was not so lucky. The grammar school children and the Boy Scouts were out in great force. The supply of flowers was exhausted, so the girls were called upon to make tissue paper flowers. They worked well but did not succeed in taking in as much money as the Friday girls. Great credit is due Miss Griffen and Miss Jacobs for the good work with their teams.

*Eladora Huthsteiner.*

#### Dawes Junior High Note

Mr. Frank Warren of the Dawes School section is training about sixty boys for a minstrel performance to be given on April 21, at the High School auditorium. The group contains several high school boys who were formerly members of Dawes school, a number of Dawes Junior High School boys, and a few from the fifth and sixth grades.

*E. Huthsteiner.*

#### Junior A's

The first big meeting of the term was held Friday, March 14th in the Lecture Room. The officers for the term have not been changed; they are, Edward Goodrich, President; Rachel Sheldon, Vice-President; Frances Pierce, Treasurer; Susan Strong, Secretary.

We haven't said much about what we're doing but we are busy just the same. We held a big food sale in Wallace Company's Store, Saturday, March 25th and it was a huge success. We cleared over thirty dollars. The proceeds are going to help make our Prom the best ever.

*Susie Strong, Secretary.*

#### Tucker School Wins Another Cup

"It is quite some time ago," remarked Superintendent Keegan of the Boy's Club, "since I have beaten a path to Tucker School, carrying its trophies in Athletic events won by its pupils. This year's visit was but a repetition of that of past years. Last week, Mr. Keegan brought a handsome silver cup, which was won by the Tucker Bowling team, composed of Junior High athletes. Tucker is justly proud of its splendid array of trophies and expects to win many more.

*Mary Hamilton.*

The Literary Supplement of the Criterion from Bridgeport, Conn., contains some excellent stories. "Black Gloves" was a real tragedy and a very interesting story.

The Somerset Idea comes from Somerset, Kentucky, the only magazine received from that state. It is a very good little paper. Come again!

#### ADVERTISEMENTS

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140 Fenn Street, Pittsfield

## Dr. George Beebe

84 BARTLETT AVE.

Special Attention Given  
to Diseases of Skin

HOURS: 2-4, 7-8 P. M.

Mornings by Appointment

TEL. 216-W

## Do You Eat?

Whether it is rolls  
and coffee for  
breakfast, a  
"snack" in the  
middle of the day,  
a steak or chops or  
delicious pastry---  
the place to eat is



The Bridge Lunch

## WILLIAM NUGENT CO.

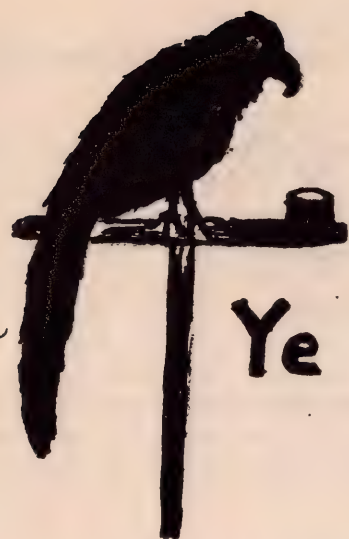
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88 NORTH STREET





## Ye Poll Parrot

Sunday School teacher: "Will one of the little boys tell me who led the children of Israel into Canaan?"

No reply.

Teacher (sternly): "Little boy in the front seat, tell me."

Frightened boy: "It wasn't me, teacher. I just joined this Sunday."

—Record.

Bellhop: "Coat checked, sir?"

Lanoue: "No, grey herringbone."

Ted: "The doctor told me a year ago that if I didn't stop smoking I'd become feeble-minded."

Al: "Well, why didn't you stop?"

Archie: "Don't get a haircut there."

Bruce: "Why?"

Archie: "They treat you barberously."

Mr. Keaney: "I say, porter, did you find fifty dollars on the floor this morning?"

Porter: "Yes, suh. Thank you, suh."

Francis: "Say, Bill, how do you like the girl I dug up for you?"

Parker: "Well, as far as I'm concerned, you can bury her again."

Father (reading a letter from his son at college to mother): "Myopia says he's got a beautiful lamp from boxing."

Mother: "I just knew he'd win something in his athletics."

—Orange Peel.

1st freshman: "My sister got a pearl from an oyster."

2nd dumbbell: "That's nothing; my sister got a diamond from some poor fish."

—Jester.

A Chink by the name of Ching Ling

Fell off a street car, bing bing.

He then turned his head,

To the passengers said:

The car's lost a washer, ding ding.

—Burr.

Tourist: "Oh! This climb is so steep! Can't I get a donkey to take me up?"

Leahy: "Lean on me, Madam."

—Virginia Reel.

Agent: "I've got a device for getting energy from the sun."

Mr. Larkin: "Here, give me one for mine."

—Tiger.

Dumb: "Where have you been?"

Bell: "To the cemetery."

Dumb: "Anyone dead?"

Bell (gloomily): "All of them."

## LEON'S MILLINERY

For Easter

PRETTY New Hats showing  
every day. Come see our  
New Garment Department of  
Cloaks, Suits, Dresses.

LEON'S Opposite St. Joseph's Convent 369 North St.

The Superior  
confectionery

Giftos Bros.,

Props.

Fresh Home-Made Candies

Our Ice Cream is a Real Treat

TRY IT ONCE AND YOU WILL ALWAYS PREFER IT

307 North St.,

Phone 1842-M

Pittsfield, Mass.



Mr. Hayes: "I must congratulate you. You're right on time. It's 8.30 to the second."

C.F. Smith: "Darn it, I'll have to change this wrist watch,—it's an hour fast."  
—Record.

Bootblack: "Shine, lady?"

Florence Merriam: "Oh, thank you,—where can that powder puff be?"  
—Record.

Hokus: "That poor boy will never go straight."

Pokus: "Why?"

Hokus: "He's bowlegged."


Archie: "Why in the world does Bruce use such a long cigarette holder?"

Ted: "The doctor told him to keep away from cigarettes, and he's doing his best."

Alice Flynn: "Can you give me a couple of rooms?"

Hotel Clerk: "Yes; suite one."

Alice: "Sir!"



**HOPE TUTTLE**

23 Dunham Street  
We Carry Blue Bird Hats, K-awak Hats  
Dunlap Sport Hat

## George Truitt's Walk-Over Shoe Store

*Shoes of Quality*  
Easter Specialties  
Spring Hosiery



*Store of Service*  
155 NORTH ST.

Prof: "What is Darwin's theory?"

Frosh: "Monkey business."

"Do you know," said the successful merchant, "That I began life as a bare-foot boy?"

"Well," said the clerk, "I wasn't born with shoes on, either."

Bill: "Can I borrow your overcoat?"

Chet: "Yes, but don't wear it out."

—Voo Doo.

Mr. Hayes: "Why are you so late this morning?"

Nealon: "A car hit me and knocked me so cold that I didn't thaw out for an hour."

Her eyes were pale pools of clam chowder, deep and mysteriously lovely. Her nose was piquantly upturned, like the handle of a coffee pot. Her mouth, red as a fresh-cooked sausage, was curved like a pretzel. Her neck was full and round, delicately moulded like a sack of flour. Ah!!! she was beautiful.

Hoo: "When were you married?"

Doo: "Just about six check books ago."

## Just a Few Reasons

why our bread has the sweetness, freshness, wholesomeness of home-made bread.

We claim that the best of everything is none too good and never use substitutes.

We use a formula that assures the top-notch of bread goodness.

*That is why "Correale's" bread is as tasty as mother "ever" baked.*



Correale Baking Co.

## Figures—

For all the 255 newspapers in the United States whose circulation figures run between 10,000 and 20,000:

Average circulation of the 255 papers - - - 13,940

Average minimum rate of the 255 papers - - 70c an inch

The circulation of the Eagle is - - 15,845

The Eagle minimum rate is - 42c an inch

Consider this fact for the Eagle, the only newspaper in the city.



Miss Flynn, irritated: "Where is that sentence I just erased?"

Merriam: "Say, if a burglar entered my cellar, would the coal chute?"

Joyce: "I dunno. Maybe the kindlin' wood."

Chet Lanoue, going home from a dance with K—: "Your eyes remind me of a certain star."

She: "Which one?"

Chet: "Ben Turpin."

Elladora: "What did you think of my last article?"

Editor: "Well, I'm glad to hear you call it your last."

Employer: "And what is your name?"

Merriam: "They call me Rubber."

Employer: "Funny name. Why do they call you that?"

Merriam: "Because I get bounced so often."

Lofty Senior: "I have a Rolls-Royce. What kind have you?"

Freshman: "Oh, I have a 'vadum.'"

(Latin sharks will laugh)

## The Pittsfield National Bank

### Solicits Your Account

Any business in this locality with which you may decide to entrust us will be treated with Courtesy, Accuracy and Promptness.

Safe Deposit and Storage Vaults of the most modern construction, the best and safest that can be made.

Savings Department      Trust Department  
Christmas Club

Corner North and West Streets  
PITTSFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS

Driscoll: "Have you any blue ties to match my eyes?"

Clerk: "No, but we have some soft hats to match your head."

Ted: "I hope I'm not tiring you with my presence."

Blanche (sweetly): "What presents?"

Catherine: "Do you like indoor sports?"

Florence: "Yes, but dad won't let them stay long."

Wasson: "I suppose your father will be all unstrung when he hears the results of your exams."

Chesney: "No, I wired him last night."

## BERKSHIRE ELECTRIC COMPANY

### Electragists

77 Eagle Street Pittsfield

Shares in the 68<sup>th</sup>  
Series  
May Issue  
will be on sale  
after April 12th



The Pittsfield  
Co-Operative Bank

It is not too early  
to think of your per-  
sonal cards for grad-  
uation.

In this connection  
think of



Chamberlain Bros.

Stationers  
34 North Street



**Commercial Junior Jottings**

Junior: "Saw your picture the other day."

Freshie: "Where?"

Junior: "On a sardine can, you poor fish."

Breathes there a boy with soul so dead  
Who never to himself hath said,  
As he gazed upon a measly "E,"  
"Gee, that teacher's down on me."

Absence makes the heart grow fonder  
So they tell us in the rhyme,  
But the teacher never ponders  
She gives zero every time.

Don't muss my hair she used to cry  
As we would sit in the parlor,  
But now she's had it cut off short  
And she has no cause to holler.

Miss Downs (To R. Hettstrom and J. Hover, as she pointed to the door):  
"That is what the carpenter left for you. Please use it and get out!"

In place of an Easter card—  
*Your Photograph*

Both seasonable—but one  
a permanent reminder  
of you.

*Make the appointment today*  
Phone 1457-M



**Camp-Gray Studios**

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"Portraiture of Quality"

Sipton Block, 150 North Street  
Pittsfield, Mass.

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THE BIGGEST HIT  
IN YEARS

**H. S. Taylor & Son**

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Beads**

*Watch, Clock and  
Jewelry Repairing*

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26 DUNHAM  
STREET  
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**Lincoln Chandler**

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Distributors Berkshire County

**Cleveland White Trucks**

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PITTSFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS

Established 1835



**Pittsfield Coal Gas Company**

30 South Street, Pittsfield, Mass.



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Pittsfield  
Electric Co.

*Electric Shop*

175 North St.

Telephone 947



*Electrical  
Appliances*

The  
Big Seed Store

is the place to buy

**SEEDS**

and Lawn and  
Garden Supplies



Frank Howard

Howard Block

Fenn, First and Federal Sts.

*Distinctive Printing--*

--printing that will attract attention--printing that contains real originality in its conception and the highest degree of excellence in its execution. This quality of originality and individuality characterizes all the work of the

EAGLE PRINTING and BINDING CO.

Eagle Square

PITTSFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS

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A Student's  
Class Ring

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is such a personal and intimate possession that he is hardly satisfied with anything less than the highest quality and character.

*Watches*

Let us show you  
the authentic  
styles.

*Silverware*



T. J. Betters

Jeweler and Engraver  
397 North Street

*Jewelry*

*Ivory*

**Success in Life Depends Upon  
Nobility of Purpose and Per-  
sistency of Effort**

SO IT IS WITH LIFE INSURANCE

Its nobility of purpose is unquestioned. To be successful it should be taken in proper amounts and persistently carried to maturity.

BERKSHIRE LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY  
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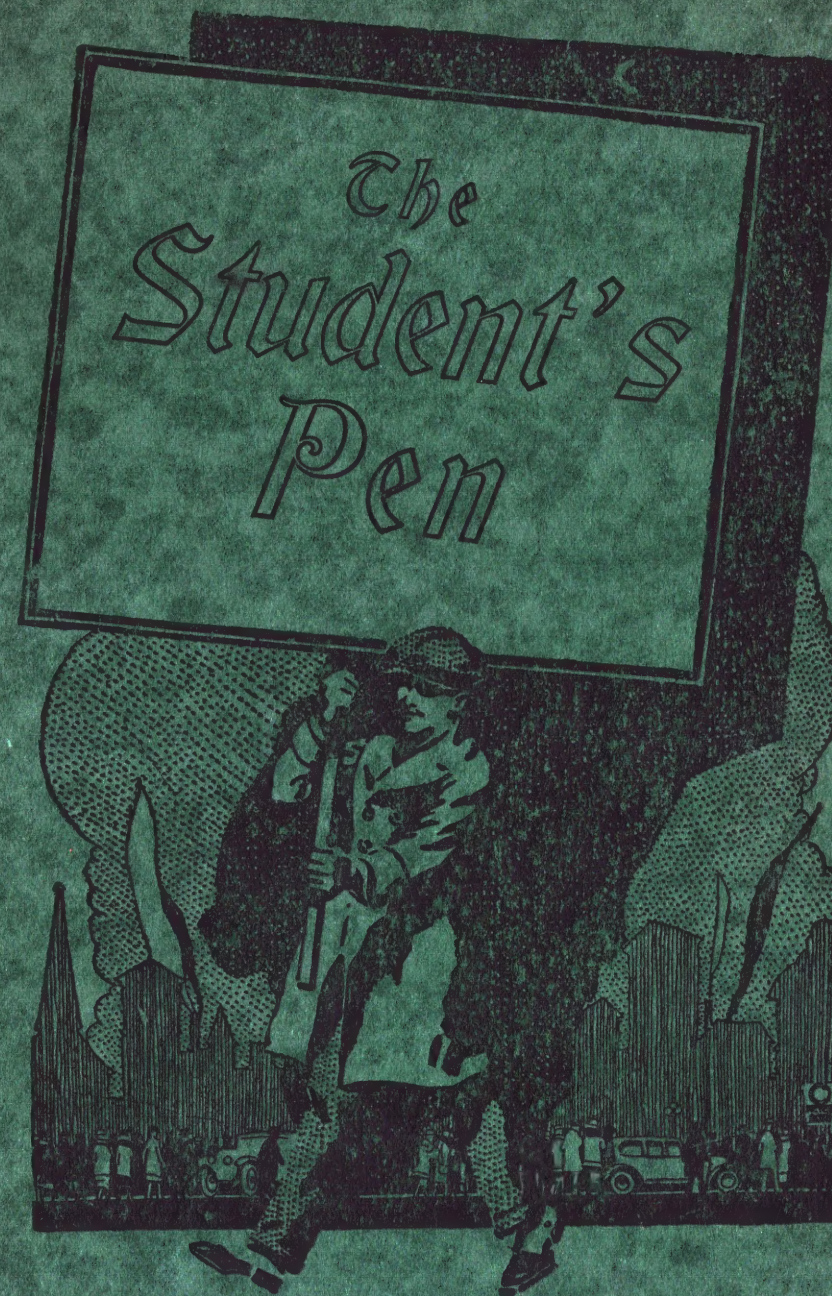
Our exposition of Men's and Young Men's Clothing for the Spring and Summer of 1922 is in full readiness. The garments reveal the colorings, fabrics and models that will be most favored by well groomed men.



J. R. Newman & Sons

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Pittsfield High School

Freshman Number

April, 1922